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A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Please mention The Register

Latin School Register

VOL. LXI

DECEMBER

No. 2



1941

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Merry Christmas from

HOPKINSON'S
APPY
OOLIGANS

Oh, Christmas is coming
I heard it was said,
But, that doesn't help our marks which
are red,
So all we can say to both large and
small,
Is a glaring report card and
A Merry Christmas to all.

From the BOYS OF ROOM 324

A Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy New Year

TO

MR. FAXON FROM 304

Joyeux Noël

to

MR. BOURGEOIS

from

MR.

BOURGEOIS'
RAINY
RATS

SULLIVAN'S
UPER
CHOLARS
END

SEASON'S GREETINGS

to

MR. SULLIVAN

331

Class V

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PEACE ON EARTH

As the holiday season nears, we hear even more that this is the time of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."—And once again, these meaningful words sound visionary. Only too well do we realize that this phrase does not fit *this* Yuletide season. There is little good-will and less peace left on this earth.

But let us make a slight change in this expression; let us alter but one letter in the original Greek, as Colonel Bower suggested at the Armistice Day exercises. A wealth of new meaning comes from these more appropriate words: "Peace on earth to men of good-will."

Yes, peace on earth *TO* men of good-will, for only will there be peace on earth when there will cease to be super-nationalistic nations aspiring to conquer the world, nations led by men who are the very antithesis of men of good-will.

Peace is not the just due of man; it is a reward to man. To attain it and secure it everlastingly, man must make himself worthy of peace by overthrowing intolerance and lust for conquest. Let us not strive for peace until we can make men of good-will, for if we gain a peace not between men of good-will, we gain not a peace, but an illusionary intermission between wars.

"There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked."

FOR DEFENSE

From the dim and shadowy past comes a legend. A rock there was in the center of a blue and sparkling lake somewhere in the South of England, and from this rock projected the jeweled and emblazoned hilt of a mighty sword. And it is said that noble knights came from near and far; but none was strong enough to wrest it from the vise-like grip of its scabbard. Finally came young Arthur, the pure and righteous, a slim stripling in his teens; with one hand he touched the sword, and it leaped from the rock as if alive, to hang by his side forever more. We are told that the name of this sword was Excalibur; that he who wielded it would prevail over man or beast. It was the mightiest force in the world.

As the spirit of the rock vouchsafed to the man of purity and righteousness supreme power over all the world, so have the people of our country been granted the ability—the right and the duty—to forge and wield a modern Excalibur. For the people of these United States have in the hollow of their hands the mightiest force in all the world. Even as our nation stirs from sleep, the marching and countermarching of our infant armies, still toy soldiers on the counterpane that covers the sleeping America, bring quaking fear and trepidation to those who sit in the darkness of their guarded castles and cunningly plot our downfall.

To Arthur came Excalibur at the touch of the hand, but our modern sword must be hammered and formed by the toiling, sweating shoulders of a hundred million men. This Excalibur grows and takes shape not only on the drill fields of our army camps but in every shop and mill, an every lathe and press, throughout our whole great land. The President has turned to the great and to the small, to the young and to the old, offering to all of us the chance to share in his great effort. Those who have been chosen stand ready to give their lives. We must also serve who only stand and wait.

But how can a student help, he who has not yet come to man's estate?
Each of us throughout our school has one thing he can do to help: our nickels
and our dimes will build a mighty weapon if only we all
BUY A DEFENSE STAMP . . . TODAY!

A SUGGESTION

We in the Latin School have watched, with increasing concern, the decline in the past several years in the enrollment. In the fall of 1935, there were approximately twenty-eight hundred students in the school. Last year's catalogue lists slightly above two thousand. This year's figure is considerably less than two thousand. The number of students has, then, in about seven years, decreased by almost a third. This isn't because Latin School has become any harder; it hasn't. The loss of students has been due, in a small measure, to the desire of some parents to send their sons to an institution which would prepare the lads for an engineering future. These parents have an eye toward National Defense and the speeding up of industry. English High has many scholarships which enable boys to go to M. I. T. Mechanic Arts and Trade prepare young men for industry.

The main reason, however, for the loss of students, is economic. The type of family that sends boys to Latin School no longer exists in Boston proper in as large numbers as it used to. This type of family has, on the whole, prospered and has moved to suburban residential districts of Boston, such as Arlington, Belmont, Brookline, Needham, Newton, and Wellesley. The family now sends its son either to a private preparatory school or the local high school. Thus the Latin School is deprived of many students. To prove this mass migration, look at the official catalogue listing the students. See how many parents who themselves have been graduated from the Latin School continue to send their sons there, even though they have to pay tuition.

There is, I believe, a way of attracting the sons of graduates and others in outlying communities who wish to attend the school: Establish a series of competitive scholarships for the four-year and the six-year course. This might serve as a spur to those fathers who might not be able to afford the full tuition. These new students will raise the banner of Latin School higher and higher. Other worthy students able to pay the tuition will enter Latin School. Boston Latin School can once more become the college preparatory school leader not only of Boston, but of New England. If Latin School is to remain a leader, it must encourage the enrollment of students from *outside* of the city proper.

ERRATUM

In the last issue of the REGISTER the following names were omitted from the roster of the Business Staff:

Assistant Circulation Manager: Milton Braveman
Circulation Assistant: Frederick J. MacDonald

The Dummy Committee wishes to express its appreciation for the grace with which these boys received the announcement of this regrettable omission.

A SADISTS' SERENADE

Don't get me wrong, now; *I'm* no sadist—by no means, at all. I, personally, am in complete agreement with "Joe" Nelson when he says that what happened to three Nazi generals is horrible and should better happen to three murderers. But when I tell some of my friends about it, they find it very comical, to be sure, and laugh quite loud about the horrible fate of these generals, and, on the whole, give me reason enough for the sadist monicker. However, just in case, perhaps, you are taking this too much to heart—about these three Nazi generals suffering a fate fit only for murderers, I mean—I suggest that you do not lose any sleep over it, seeing as there exists very little difference between Nazi generals and murderers to begin with—if any.

* * *

My beginning to find out the details of this all starts when I get my annual two weeks off with pay in July from the "blatt" I am allegedly writing for. I am sitting meditatively, wondering where to go and what to do for my fourteen days, when I get a ring from "Buzz" Meredith, whom I become acquainted with when he is in rehearsal for "Winterset" and I am doing an article on the same; and he invites me, seeing that I am to be a gentleman of leisure for a fortnight, to come along with him to the Army base at Fort Tilden, Long Island, where he is scheduled to do one of his weekly broadcasts of "Spirit of '41" for CBS, figuring, probably, besides having my company he may also get some free publicity for his program—which he does, two lines above.

I thank him kindly and readily accept, doing a little figuring on my own account and coming to the conclusion that not only shall I have an opportunity to

get out into the country and to chum around with some Army big-wigs and maybe get the lowdown on how our national defense is stacking up; but also, as CBS is taking care of the transportation, and the Army is providing food and lodging for the time that Buzz and the broadcasting crew and myself will be out at the base, the enterprise will cost me approximately zero in the lucre department—which is a very pleasant

We leave for the base early Friday morning, planning to get there Friday afternoon so that the radio crew will have plenty of time to get everything ready for the Sunday broadcast. On the way, I read a newspaper item which, although I do not know it at the time, is to have very much to do with this story.

The item, which is by the INS dated from Berlin, has a small spread on Page Five and states, in effect, that three Nazi generals have suddenly gone berserk and have had to be carted off to an asylum. These generals—before they go screwy, of course—are at the head of the division of the Reich's Intelligence Department which takes care of deciphering captured enemy messages and secret documents and stuff which are written in code. At the time when they first begin starting to cut out paper swastikas, they, personally, are engaged in deciphering—or rather trying to decipher—a very difficult secret document which has stumped all their subordinates.

Naturally now, this proves to be quite a shock to the German people—three of their generals suddenly going batty on them—so "Joe" Goebbels, who writes more fiction in a month than *I* do in a year, softens the blow somewhat by eulogizing these generals and saying that they are heroes and martyrs to the state

and that this only goes to show how resolute Nazi generals are, because they stick to their jobs till the very end. Then he goes on to tell how Nazism is the wave of the future and is wonderful and is glorious, and on the whole succeeds in making a liar out of my previous statement about his writing more fiction in a month than *I* do in a year, because I can see now he easily does it in a week.

Well, as I say before, the item does not mean anything to me at the time; and when we get to the base, I soon forget about it. Anyway, at the base I meet a tall, broad-chested, sun-tanned officer of about fifty-five, whom I afterwards learn is a colonel but whom I at first make the very bad mistake of addressing as "Major", which to the colonel seems a very bad mistake, indeed, as he thinks it might tend to give the boys in the War Department ideas.

Meeting this colonel delights me no little, as I expect to get much inside information about the coastal defenses from him for my "blat", and maybe get a bonus. But even though I pump him plenty, he is about as liberal with his words as William Randolph Hearst is when praising Mr. Roosevelt.

The colonel is just about not to answer my umpteenth or so question when a corporal comes up, hand-salutes, and tells him that a Lieutenant "Joe" Nelson just confesses that he opens the safe and handles the plans of the coastal defenses, and that the other officers with Nelson, waiting to hear his whole story, think it best for the colonel to be present also when Nelson tells it. The colonel is quite surprised to hear about this Joe Nelson's confessing, as Nelson is an honor soldier ever since he joins the Army six years before at the age of eighteen and since rises to the rank of Second Looie. So he tells the corporal that he will come at once and then turns to me and says that this will no doubt

make a fine story for my "blatt", and if I promise not to repeat anything I hear pertaining to military secrets, etc., and to let him censor any article I write on the matter, he will consent letting me come within and hear "Joe" Nelson's story. I, of course, answer in the affirmative, and we proceed to proceed to the room where this "Joe" Nelson is.

At the time this conversation between the corporal and the colonel takes place, I am as much in the dark concerning what they talk about as you are now; although as things turn out, "Joe" Nelson proves to be not a traitor to his country by any means, and, in fact, he is really a hero; but, as I say, at the time I do not know all this and am only telling it to you now so that you do not get any wrong impressions about Nelson, who is actually a very fine fellow, to be sure.

Anyway, as we walk, the colonel explains to me that it is very much evident that some very secret coastal defense plans, which are in a safe in some building here, have been handled and examined by some one recently as it is easy to be seen that they are considerably disheveled. Since the safe has not been broken into, it is, of course, generally assumed that the whole affair is an inside job as some officers at the base know the combination of said safe. He says, however, that it is fairly certain that the plans have not fallen into the hands of some foreign government as these plans are very intricate and could not possibly have been copied since the time when they are last put in the safe; and anyway, he says, the plans are in code and will be very difficult to decipher to begin with.

As soon as the colonel mentions that the plans are in code, I immediately recall the newspaper item I read, about the three Nazi generals who go berserk trying to decipher some secret docu-

ment. I am therefore surprised no little when the colonel and I enter the room where "Joe" Nelson is and I see lying on a small table in front of him a "blatt" which is turned to the exact page on which the aforementioned item is.

The room we just enter is a small one, and there are two other officers in it besides Nelson. These officers are both about fifty years of age and are both majors, and they are standing on either side of "Joe", who is seated on a small chair which has no back and consequently is really only a stool; and he is sitting there with his elbows on his knees and his hands in his hair so that on the whole he looks like something out of a Fitch's Shampoo ad. Every so often he sighs a sigh and looks up at the newspaper item and grumbles, "Lord, what a horrible fate! Lord, what a horrible fate!" and grabs onto his hair again so that he seems to be trying to pull it out by the roots. Oh, he is a very dejected-looking person, indeed!

But just the same, he proves he is an excellent soldier; for he promptly stands up and salutes when the colonel comes in. And of course the majors do likewise.

Well, after Nelson gets his composure somewhat, and the colonel assures him that he is on *his* side and will not censure him if his story proves that he is not a traitor, "Joe" commences his narrative.

It all happened about two weeks before, quite late at night, when "Joe" is going back to his barracks carrying a stack of the lyrics of the most popular songs of the day, which he has obtained from some patriotic publishing house so that the boys in camp might engage in a community sing during the week-end.

As he is walking along, he just by chance looks up; and he sees a light flash in one of the windows of the third floor of some building in the camp. I don't know *why* he happens to look up just then—call it Providence if you like—(I

don't mean the one in Rhode Island; I mean—you know what I mean.) Anyway, since he knows no one is supposed to be there that late at night, when he sees the light flash a second time, he decides to go up in the building and do some investigating.

Well, when he gets to the room where he saw the lights flash, he opens the door sudden-like, and, sure enough, there is some one there, holding a flashlight and monkeying around with the wall safe which is in the room.

"Joe", although the answer seems quite evident, interrogates "Hey! What are you doing?"

At this the lights are suddenly snapped on, and "Joe" sees before him two Teutonic-looking mugs—one, a tall, blond fellow with a sharp-pointed chin and blue eyes; and the other, a short, slobby little fat man, with a whiffle haircut and a brown, bushy mustache.

Looking at "Joe" somewhat askance, the two blurt out, "I am Hans." . . . "Und I am Fritz."

This dialogue maybe misleads Joe a bit at first; but as soon as he notices the forty-five Luger pistol which Fritz is pointing at him, he immediately comes to the conclusion that these two are *not* the Katzenjammer Kids.

Before Joe can get a chance to say anything, Fritz, who appears to be the leader of the two, suddenly asks, "Do *you* know the combination of this safe?"

"What if I do?" Joe answers. "You don't think I'd tell it to you, do you?" And again he asks the question with the obvious answer, "What are you doing here, and what do you want?"

Fritz raises the Luger a little higher and in menacing tone of voice says, "Look here, my young and saucy friend, dhere are some very important plans in dot safe vvhich our goferment vants very badly und vvhich ve intend to obtain for it Ind if you don't open dot safe, you

will most surely receive a bullet through dot thick Yankee skull of yours. Now, vot do you say?"

Some people wouldn't have had the nerve to say what "Joe" proceeds to tell these Nazis, even though he is looking into the barrel of a forty-five. "Joe" really says things to them that practically turns their faces red, which of course is a very embarrassing color for Nazis to be right now, if you see what I mean.

Hans is all for slugging "Joe" with the flashlight for these remarks, but Fritz stops him, for he has just noticed an officer doing sentry duty in the yard below. So Fritz points his Luger at the soldier and then asks "Joe" again if he will give them the combination to the safe, implying this time that if he doesn't, it will be just too bad for the sentry. "Joe", now, is in a spot. Sacrificing his own life for his country—that was O.K.; it was *his* life. But to let the Nazi kills this innocent sentry, whom, incidentally, "Joe knows" and who is married and the father of a baby—that is another thing. So feeling that he has no right to let this soldier get killed if he can possibly prevent it, he opens the safe.

The plans are in a large blue envelope, and Fritz takes this out of the safe and put it on a table which is in the room.

"But what use can these plans be to your government?" "Joe" asks Fritz beseechingly. "You'll never be able to get them out of the country; and anyway, they're in code: how do you think you're going to decipher them?"

Fritz grins and laughs. "Ha! You tink so, do you? Dot chust goes to show how little you Yankees know of our Nazi efficiency. Ve haf an agent going east on der Transatlantic Clipper, which leaves in exactly vun hour und forty minutes. Ve vill tie you up so you von't get loose by the time der plane leaves; dhen ve vill get der plans to dhis agent

of ours und poof—dhey are in Berlin. How do you like dot?"

"Uund dhen you say dot ve von't be able to decipher der plans. Dot is a good vun. Ha! Dot is a good vun. Ha, again! Why, ve haf three chenerals in Berlin who can decipher anyting. Anyting, I say! Dhey haf never failed before, und dhey vill not fail dhis time."

Just then, a noise is heard outside, and the two Nazis turn their heads simultaneously and look out of the window.

At this point in his story, Joe breaks down again and sobs and cries out, "Lord, what a horrible fate! I *shouldn't* have done it! Even if they *were* Nazis, I *shouldn't* have done it. Lord, what a horrible fate!"

The colonel and the two majors and myself, however, finally console him, and he goes on with the rest of his story. And from here on I am going to try and tell it to you in "Joe's" own words—as far as I can remember them.

"Well," says "Joe", "as I said before, the two Nazis, Hans and Fritz, were attracted by some noise outside, and they looked out of the window to see what was causing it. And in the few seconds that they weren't watching me, I noticed that I still had the sheets of song lyrics; so I removed the plans from the envelope, mixed them with the song sheets, and substituted sets of lyrics in the envelope.

"The noise didn't prove to be anything important, so the Nazis tied me up, took the envelope, and left. Well, since I substituted song lyrics for the plans and put the plans back into the safe, I know that the Nazis hadn't gotten any information that they could use; so I decided not to say anything about the whole thing to anyone, because I was afraid I'd be courtmartialed for opening the safe.

"I thought," he continued (but he was now sobbing violently), "that noth-

ing would come of it. But then (sob) . . . but then (sob) I read today about those three Nazi generals going crazy. And it's all my fault. Lord, I didn't *mean* to do it! I wouldn't wish that on any one—even Nazi generals.”

“But why was it your fault, Nelson?” The colonel broke in. “Why?”

“Why? Why, you ask? Because (sob) when the two Nazis, Hans and Fritz, were looking out the window . . . Oh, Lord, forgive me! I slipped into the envelope two choruses of—*the Hut-Sut Song!!!*”

All in all, I really had a very enjoyable vacation.

TED V. PRICE, '42.

DESTINY!

He had been a free man, and he had loved life when his country had declared war on an aggressor, whose avowed purpose was to enslave his race. He volunteered immediately. By repeated deeds of heroism, he had become a captain. His company was holding a key position in a defense line. Now, in the second year of fighting, he, unwounded, outwardly was unchanged; but, sickened by the horror and foulness of warfare, he was on the verge of a breakdown.

It was 11:45. At midnight he was to lead his men over the top. He lit a cigarette, taking a deep drag. Strange! his fingers were shaking. Ironically enough, the night was beautiful; clouds were, however, gathering to cover the star-filled sky, forming huge black shadows to roll over “No man's Land.” He felt alone in the darkness. Then, fear struck, and he felt himself freeze. His brain was numb, his heart pounding madly, every breath an agony. Cold perspiration broke out on his forehead, for from some corner of his brain a demoniacal voice was whispering, “Tonight you die!”

To be killed: to lie out there, body shattered and rotting. “Killed in action,” she would read—she, with whom

he had grown up in perfect friendship, never suspecting love. The vision of her beauty had many times saved him from despair. He sucked fiercely on the cigarette. Now, although his heart still quivered, he knew he would go over.

His watch showed 11:58. The preparatory barrage was subsiding; and where, before, the earth had been rocked by reverberation, only an ominous rumble was now heard.

On the dot of midnight he blew his whistle, leaped over the barricade, followed by his company. Shells burst about him, and men fell; but he ran forward, grenade in hand. In front he saw in a burst of shell-fire the distorted face of an enemy soldier, operating a machine-gun with deadly accuracy. The gunner swung his weapon upon him as he threw the grenade. A paralyzing wave of pain swept through him; and, writhing grotesquely, he fell to the ground. As his life-blood ebbed from him and gathered in a pool, he gasped a name; then his head sank, his body twitched convulsively, and he sensed with dull eyes, black shadows rolling towards him, coming ever faster and darker until he saw no more, and perpetual darkness came.

LEO LOUGHLIN, '43

UNCLE TODD'S CARBINE

Uncle Todd was a gentle, loving old man who wouldn't willingly harm any creature. What a paradox, then, that his most cherished possession was an old carbine, which, he claimed, had been the cause of death to several score of Indians in the past. Yes, and his favorite pastime was telling in detail of the departure of these red men for the "Happy Hunting Grounds". He would, if given the slightest provocation, light up his pipe, sit back in his wicker chair, raise his stockinged feet to the blazing hearth, and, chuckling, recite a story such as this:

"Those were the days; I can remember it as if it happened yesterday. It was mid-winter, and, alone inside my damp, dimly-lit cabin, I was becoming drowsy in spite of the cold. But suddenly I heard the hoot of an owl. However, I easily recognized it as the hoot of a red 'owl', which walks on two feet, but, like his feathered counterpart, stalks by night. Yes, it was undoubtedly a signal. The Indians were attacking! There I was alone, and with no weapon other than this trusty carbine. But was I frightened? Oh, no! Not your old Uncle Todd! Knowing that I would be a perfect target, silhouetted against the fire-light, I poured water on the logs in the hearth; and, bolting the door and opening the loopholes, I peered out into the icy night. There was no moon, but the light of the stars, reflected a thousand-fold by the glittering snow and ice, was all in my favor.

"The owl's hoot had, as nearly as I could judge, come from the north. So I peered out of the north port first. Seeing nothing, I went to the eastern and then the southern loop-holes, but to no avail. But, no sooner did I reach the western opening, than I heard a cake of hard

snow fall from a low branch of a pine tree a hundred yards from the cabin. Acting on a hunch, I fired a shot in that direction. I heard a scream of terror, the agonizing death shriek of a not-so-brave Indian brave.

"But, my troubles weren't over. They were just fairly begun! This shot served as a signal. With a blood-curdling war-whoop: they attacked. There must have been hundreds of them. I fired again and again into the onrushing mob, and, not only did I make every shot count once, but twice, or thrice! For the mob was so close-packed that my bullets went right through one man's skull and into the man behind him. I fired so quickly that the band, whose numbers were decreasing as rapidly as if the plague had fallen upon them, must have thought the cabin was defended by at least a score of men. So, seeing they were only a hundred against twenty, they gave up the ghost, and retreated, carrying their dead with them."

Well, we all listened attentively, examining and fondly touching the trusty rusty carbine, and not hesitating to believe every word, when my father (the old cynic) had to spoil our fun and disillusion us.

"By the way, Todd," he said, "how did you cook that owl?"

"Well, sir, the old bird was nigh frozen stiff in the morning, but that didn't hinder your old Uncle Todd. I took him in, stripped off his feathers, and, throwing him into a pot with plenty of . . ."

Here he was interrupted by laughter from all his audience.

"Hey! What am I saying? This . . . this . . . this was another time, when I did shoot an owl! You've got me all mixed up! It was a long time ago! But I'm sure of what happened! Those were

real Indians, all right! It was no owl that time! The next morning, the snow outside my cabin was all covered with

footprints. Don't you believe me?"

"Of course we believe you, Uncle Todd! We didn't doubt you for a minute!"

WM. R. VON BERGEN, '42.

"WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE"

"Hold on to your hats, everybody! We are now on our way down to the "CAVE OF THE WINDS," says the guide for the trip beneath NIAGARA FALLS. We are dressed in thick, brown, oilskin slickers, woolen trousers and shirts, all provided especially for this occasion. As we descend, a marked difference is felt in the temperature. When we reach the water-surrounded depths, our hearts are pounding so heavily that our protective garments are vibrating; but, on rounding the corner, we presently see the awe-inspiring FALLS. Their tremendous power is now fully realized as we watch tons of water dash upon the resounding rocks. When we arrive at the wooden stairs, built purposely for the benefit of sight-seers, we can actually feel the spray blown in our faces. The first step is the hardest to descend, for our knees, too, are vibrating and our backs tingling with excitement. The incessant rumbling grows louder.

The spume thickens until the sensation of being in the midst of a terrific cloudburst is experienced. Who is able to hear the guide's instructions? Who can make out his words when his voice is coping with the furious FALLS? The stairs are slippery, and the railings caked with scattered seaweed. On a platform about fifteen feet from the FALLS we remain standing while a hundred-mile gale whips our wraps about us. The spray becomes denser.—We cannot keep our eyes open—; we can hear nothing but the thumping, bumping, tumbling, rumbling FALLS; for we are at the "CAVE OF THE WINDS"! We follow the guide along the catwalk as he yells out the directions that soon lead to *terra firma*. An elevator delivers us, dripping, to ground level. It is a relief to get that lightening change into every-day clothing, as we feel all the wiser for this thrilling visit!

SUMNER L. SHAPIRO, '43.



Mr. O'Leary (quoting from paper of unknown student): and Cornwallis wandered up and down the coast pitching battles everywhere.

"My father loses money on everything my brother makes."

"What does your brother make?"

"Mistakes." —*Philadelphia Bulletin*

DAN AND SUPERMAN: A PHILOSOPHY

No doubt all the boys in this school follow the glorious adventures of Superman as he triumphs over crime; but few know that Superman once engaged in combat, and vanquished, the Latin School Yearbook. Yet such was the case. The astounding but factual details I shall set down as I remember them.

On a bright April afternoon last spring, about 2:40 p.m., a friend—let us call him Daniel Q. Moley—and I were sitting in Room 316, attending a Camera Club meeting. Neither of us belonged to the Camera Club; but then, it was really not a Camera Club meeting, but a Yearbook staff meeting. (This may sound confusing, but these things happen.) Both of us, moreover, were among the Class II candidates for the Yearbook staff. Moley was worried; he had been commissioned to draw “something for the cover” and had no ideas. For a while we sat reflectively. Yearbook Chairman McDermott’s face had already been rejected as a fit subject for the Yearbook cover.

Suddenly, we looked up. The staff, having taken stock of the situation, was adjourning to Room 228, of tender memory. While somberly trooping down the corridors to our ill-fated stronghold, the idea struck one of us. Elaborating on it as we went, we grew more and more excited; and when we arrived at our *sanc-tum actorum*, Moley leaped to the board and began to draw the rough sketch.

It was a heroic idea, we thought: a figure representing the Class of '41 in the foreground, toga-clad (we later compromised on a tunic), breaking across his chest the chains and manacles of bondage; in the background, dormant, lay strewn school-books. Such, in brief, was the simple, but symbolic representation which was to bring about that test of strength and which was to prove dis-

astrous to the Yearbook’s morale. For a week we worked on that drawing, unaware of the storm-clouds gathering over our heads. My part in the preparation of the picture was something like this: each morning I would eagerly enquire, “Dan, is it finished yet?” and Dan would as eagerly answer, “I’ve been working on it; it’ll be finished pretty soon.”

Then one afternoon, about a week before the disaster, A. H. White, Associate Chairman of the Yearbook Committee, Circulation Manager and Spieler of the Hortatory Oratory, gently informed us that the Yearbook’s cover stock would not take even a line drawing. After a hasty conference, Moley and I brought forth a variation: the drawing would head the Seniors’ pictures, inside the Yearbook. We breathed sighs of relief, believing ourselves safe; but it was only a postponement.



Signs of storm now began to emanate from Room 235, where, rumor hath it, Mr. Marson had expressed the opinion that the drawing would be an insult to the members of the Senior Class (who usually like liberal doses of sentimentality with their Yearbook, thank you). If this were confirmed, it would be the irrevocable end of the project. Moley quaked in his boots. (Yes, he wore shoes.)

Oddly enough, however, it was not Mr. Marson who was to have the last word on the subject, for amid cries of "It's a bird, etc.," Superman entered the scene. Now let this be understood: the members of the Yearbook staff were no cowards, and would be glad to take on anyone their size. Superman, however, has an average annual reading list of six hundred in Classes VI and V alone, which is more than the REGISTER subscription list in the same classes. Thus under the circumstances, what followed was inevitable.

Early on the fateful morning of April

17, at 8:37, to be exact, Moley stalked into the room with his face even longer than usual. The effect was startling, but not more so than his news. On the street-car Dan had been reading the summer issue of "Superman" over some one's shoulder. As the car neared the stop opposite Latin School, the owner of the magazine closed it; and there, there on the cover of the newly released summer issue of "Superman", was Superman in an heroic attitude, breaking heavy chains across his expanded (?)¹ chest. Within six hours the whole school would have seen it. We took the only course open to us; the picture, now completed, was relegated to a premature grave. Superman had won again, but we can wait. As Virgil said,

*"Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis."*²

ALVAN S. BERNER, '42

¹ How can they tell?

² Sorry, translation prohibited by Trot Bill of 1636.

THE BRAVE BUGLER

The station-master, an old man with a waggish tongue, was telling us how he thought there would be a landslide, as it had been raining for two days. He told gruesome stories of how he had seen entire towns wiped out by avalanches. We all laughed when he left, but we also noticed the many pebbles and small rocks that had been falling down the cliff all day.

Suddenly there was a small tremor. No one thought anything of it. All considered it another boulder dropping down. Then came the peircing peel of a bugle. Every one jumped to his feet

and dashed out. There, rushing down the mountain like a monster, was a tremendous landslide. All ran terrified until a small hillock had been gained. The avalanche crashed by. Then all was quiet.

Everything in the path of that overwhelming slide was destroyed, but the people were all saved by the bugle call—that is, all but one. They rushed to find the heroic man, but only a crushed piece of metal—his bugle—was found in the debris, directly in the wake of the avalanche.

E. TRAVERSO, '45



No, they aren't measuring cigarettes, but the sergeant is explaining the locus of points equidistant from a given line.



Scene at Class Election:
Now fellows I'm not asking
you to vote for me



One fellow asked her to go to the English game and the other asked her to the Latin game. Not thinking they were the same game she said yes to both.



You realize Dad, I'm
placing my life in your hands.

- FOLEY -

DE ORIGINE SCHOLAE NOSTRAE

On a certain street in ancient Sparta, one house seemed to eclipse all others. More than any other building, its weather-beaten character symbolized the stoic courage of the city. It had a haughty air of nobleness. For the Nathenes were a family of achievements, admittedly so. Father Nathene had earned distinction at Marathon; the elder son had found a glorious, albeit gory death at Mycale; the younger son, at sixteen, was already at Rhodes in search of food to satisfy his ample academic appetite.

He was a student of art, young Nathene, and a promising one; indeed, his master asserted that his abilities would find no equal in all of Rhodes—except, perhaps, in the work of that talented young Roman, Canius, whose pieces already had received great acclaim from those who knew. Nathene was a lad impetuous and jealous. He would not be outdone by a boorish Roman from a land of uncultured barbarians. His boasts and unrestrained assertions found their way to the ears of the equally impetuous Canius, who was as proud of Latium as Nathene was of Greece. Although the two had never met, bitter anger and hurt pride welled in the staunch hearts of both; and on matters of art and learning, the two fought bitterly.

Their struggle, however, was inconclusive. At twenty Nathene returned to Sparta; and Canius, upon the departure of his arch-rival, seemed to lose interest in his brushes. He returned to Rome to become a leader and, in the course of events, a martyr *pro patria*. Nathene, meanwhile, was forced by circumstances to give up his paints in favor of helmet and shield; and he met death before the very walls of Sparta—perhaps at the time pondering over the latest revolutionary philosophy from the lips of the

then-popular Socrates.

But in the descendants of both, there seemed to run a strain of refinement, a striving towards the good, the true, and the beautiful. Out of place in a martial world, the succeeding generations of Canii and Nathenes avoided, as much as possible, the gaudy militarism about them. Nor had the ancient feud that could be traced back to the Rhodian art galleries ever ceased.

* * *

Indeed, it seemed as if the Fates had taken an interest in this strange struggle; for through the years the families were seldom separated. Never did they play the role of friends; often they were open enemies. Nathene versus Canius; now, Nathan versus Cain. It was a feud that could find its way back nearly twenty centuries. The strange finger of coincidence guided both families across the ocean; indeed, placed their abodes a scant ten yards apart. In Puritan Boston they found the atmosphere of culture refreshing. Especially stimulated were the youthful William Nathan II and Barrett Cain.

In William and Barrett twenty centuries of culture had resulted in a climax. With the brilliance of these two lads, came another opportunity to continue this long saga of mental development. It seemed only natural that the respective proficiencies of Nathan and Cain should develop in Greek and Latin.

Both families were ready to stake their claims of superiority upon the abilities of these two youngsters. The responsibility of judging the contest fell upon the shoulders of Philemon Pormort, Boston's foremost authority on the ancient classics. His task was in truth a formidable one, since the competitors were to display their wares in different tongues, and it was the arbiter's respon-

sibility to judge which was the most proficient in his respective field.

Pormort approached his problem wisely, and, no doubt, practically; for he decided to hold a year-long competition between the two, meanwhile undertaking, for a reasonable sum, to further their educations. With the two scholars in attendance, Pormort initiated the struggle in his home in the fall of 1634. By now, the cultured clique of the Puritan stronghold was a deeply absorbed audience, and Master Pormort's name as well as those of his two charges became a household word. Every time Nathan erred on a middle verb, or when young Cain forgot that Ovid was wont to end his verses with a spondee, the tongues would wag in every cabin; and on that nearly fatal day when Barrett confused Cicero with Livy and attributed to that historian a definitely Ciceronian utterance, nearly half of Bostontown put on mourning.

Rather than easing the tension, the approach of Christmas seemed to heighten the suspense, as the two youths plunged on through Cicero and Xenophon. And then, on the first day of the New Year, as it happened, a stunning blow fell upon the hopes of the Nathans and their clan throughout the town. Fire swept through their modest home and

made an already uncomfortable financial position precarious. Unable to keep up their fees, the Nathans were compelled to withdraw William from Mr. Pormort's tutelage.

But Barrett Cain refused to accept triumph on the basis of his opponent's financial tribulations, nor would the Cain supporters about the town agree to such a victory. The practical Mr. Pormort remained adamant, and the Nathans refused with an oath an attempt at charity. But the more ingenious townsmen devised a plan to overcome all obstacles, and "on the 13th of the second month, 1635, at a General meeting upon publique notice it was generally agreed upon that our brother Philemon Pormort shall be intreated to become scholemaster for the teaching and nourtering of children with us." And of course the new public school's curriculum would include Latin and Greek. With hardly a break in stride, the two students returned to their books.

Nor do we deem it superfluous to add that, upon the announcement in June that Barrett Cain's prowess in the Roman tongue had been judged superior to the skill of William Nathan II in the Greek, Philemon Pormort's group of pupils was named THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL.

DANIEL RUDMAN, '43.

DELAYED ACTION

A ray of sunlight, slipping through a window, splattered on the floor around a low stool. On the stool sat a man—a derelict—gazing vacantly into the thinning shadows about him. Here and there one could, with difficulty, distinguish scrawny, unkempt individuals—all companions-in-arms. At times, a ray of intelligence would flicker momentarily in the eyes of the man. On one such occasion, he was induced to address his comrades. His voice was dull, leaden, but

with faint trace of good breeding, as if, years ago, he had seen better days. The others moved restlessly, their curiosity aroused. Outside, the earth was carpeted with layers of earlier snowstorms.

"What a desolate country!" he moaned, motioning hopelessly towards the dreary landscape without. "I hate its very sight; but once—let me tell you—I was out there. Yes—some fifteen years ago. Stefan, an old friend, and I were travelling through this district.

fresh out of college and blissfully unaware of trouble. Two days after we had started on our trip, we were arrested on some technical charge or other. Unfortunately, our youthful rashness dictated action."

Here the speaker grew more tense as he nervously fingered his tattered shirt. "Escape was easy. Outnumbering the lone guard, we quickly disposed of him. However, the noise of the scuffle attracted the attention of another sentinel. Immediately an alarm was raised. Panic-stricken, we dashed across the snows towards the river. Only after receiving a terrific battering from the furious mid-winter blizzard, did we reach it. We were clad only in indoor apparel—no heavy coat, no galoshes. Perhaps this was a godsend; who knows? Without them we were tired enough! Before me I could see Stefan, his chest heaving great gasps of air. Some act of Providence must have stayed the remorseless rifles of the soldiers which had so often found their mark on a wretched convict.

"We started across the frozen river—stumbling, sliding, scarcely able to see an inch ahead of us. 'Nicholas!' Stefan cried out to me in half-strangled sobs: 'Nicholas, if we reach the other shore—we will be—safe!' I nodded, not having the heart to dash my friend's last hopes. Suddenly, Stefan was almost beside himself with joy. 'Land! Land!' he motioned to the right. Through the snow I could

just make out a dark patch.

"Excitedly, I followed him towards it. Too late I saw that it was just a break in the river—a treacherous, dangerous opening—the freshly-opened watery graveyard of the prison. I shouted to Stefan. He stopped, quizzically. I shouted to him again; my words were lost in the roar of the blizzard. He appeared to hesitate a second, then reeled on, too tired to see clearly. At the last moment he turned about. Waving for me to hurry, he took one step forward, then slipped from sight.

"Heart-broken, I dragged my weary feet back to the prison. Out there, at the mercy of Nature, one could find no hope of salvation."

As the others listened agape, the silence was broken by the harsh, grating tramp of approaching feet. A squad of soldiers stood in position in the corridor as an officer recited an edict. "You, Nicholas B.—, have been found guilty of charges pressed by the State. The penalty is—immediate execution." After a peremptory order, the speaker was dragged away. A few minutes later, a volley of shots rang out; then . . . silence.

"I wonder," drawled one of those who had overheard the tale, "whether it wouldn't have been better for him to cash in his chips with a firm, young hand than to offer such a broken relic to the squads. Oh, well," he yawned, "what's the difference, anyway?"

P. Y. J. URBINA, '42

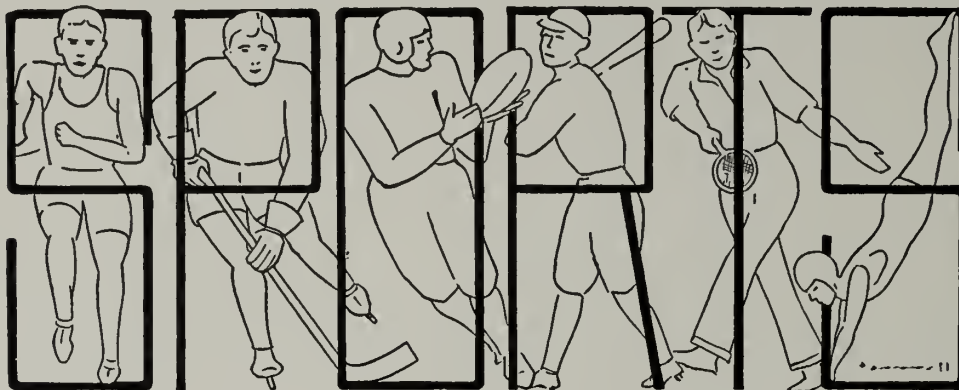


LENS AN EYE! THIS WAS FOOTBALL 1941

Photos by "Mac"







CUM GRATIS

Our overworked Literary and Business Staffs wish to express their gratitude to the *Boston Herald*, through whose gen-

erosity appeared last month the drawing by "Joe" Stern, Herald staff artist, of our football team. *Crescat gens!*

* * *

Latin Crushes Mechanics

The Purple and White continued its winning ways by administering a 12-0 licking to Mechanic Arts. The team showed decided improvement, its backs making consistent yardage and the hard-charging line making it difficult for the artisans to trespass.

Latin got an early break in the first period when it blocked a Mechanics kick and took over on the enemy "41". In two tries "Marty" Monahan landed on the "28", and in two more bashes at the line the Artisans sagged back to their "23," from where "Tom" Sullivan, by means of some shifty footwork, sliced off left tackle and raced for a touchdown. The try-point went low.

After an exchange of kicks, Latin, with "Al" Kelley and "Marty" Monahan carrying, marched to the Mechanics "30" as the half ended.

In the third period Latin started another scoring march, when, after an exchange of kicks, the ball rested on the Artisan 37-yard line. In four plays, with shifty Latin backs getting every yard available, the team was on the seven-

yard bar. "Al" Kelley banged his way to the "3", from where Monahan slipped across for the second touchdown. This time the try-point was blocked.

Mechanics got a break on a recovered fumble at midfield and moved up to the Latin 40-yard line. They spread for a trick play, but fumbled; and the alert "Dick" Dunn recovered at midfield. Latin was well on its way to another touchdown as Paul Murphy made two first downs just before the game ended.

The line-up: L.E., McDermott; L.T.; Tarushka; L.G., Noonan; C., Slattery; R.G., Monroe (F. Powers); R.T., P. F. Murphy; R.E., Dunn (Burns); Q.B., Kelley (P. A. Murphy); L.H.B., Lee (Greeley); R.H.B., Monahan (Lee); F.B., Sullivan.

Kadzis - 19; Latin - 12

A power-laden Trade team was forced to shoot the works in order to eke out a 19-12 win over Coach Fitzgerald's grid-iron warriors. Trade's ace was All-Scholastic "Pete" Kadzis, whose high knee action power drives accounted for two touchdowns and set up the third.

On the second play of the game "Tom" Sullivan cut through the thunderstruck Trade team and paced off 61 yards for a touchdown. "Dick" McDermott, who threw the path-cleaning block that made the run possible, was injured on the play and had to be removed from the game.

After the next kickoff and punt exchange Kadzis got clear for twenty-five yards to his own "35," and an aerial brought the pigskin up to the Latin "40". Big Pete landed on the "30" and in two more bashes at the line brought to ball to the 10-yard stripe. On the next play Kadzis went over. Then he bashed the line for the point-after, making the score Trade—7; Latin—6.

In no time Latin was ahead again, using the air. "Eddie" Lee ran the kickoff twenty yards to his "45," from where "Tom" Sullivan pitched Greeley long pass to the Trade 30-yard bar and another to Lee, who made a sensational catch on the 10-yard line and fought his way to the "2" before being brought down. On the next play "Johnnie" Brosnahan went over, and again the try-point was missed, making the score 12-7 as the half ended.

In the third period Trade started a sustained march, with Kadzis carrying the ball from his own 30-yard line deep into the Latin territory. However, the Tradesmen's attack was momentarily stalled on the Latin "20"; But a desperate fourth-down pass clicked to the "2", and on the next play Trade registered their second touchdown. When the try-point failed, Trade still led by a score of 13 to 12.

In the last quarter Latin tried desperately to capitalize in the air, but was thrown back and Trade took over on its "45". "Pete" hit to the Latin "40," and a long pass was completed on the Latin "6." Then in two line belts Kadzis went over for the final score.

Thus we were treated to a heart-

rending exhibition of what an All-Inter-scholastic does to earn a place on the mythical eleven.

The Latin line-up: L.E., McDermott (Connolly) (Lee); L.T., Tarushka (Coshnear); L.G., Powers (Monroe); L., Slattery (Gould); R.G., Noonan; R.T., P. F. Murphy (Murdock); R.E., Dunn (P. Kelley); Q.B., Sullivan; R.H.B., Monahan (P. A. Murphy); L.H.B., Brosnahan (Greeley); F. B. Kelley (Gallagher).

"It Was a Famous Victory"

Last November twentieth, a favored Purple and White outfit put on a sub-line exhibition in downing English High, 19 to 0. The game was the season's finale for both teams, but it marked the blossoming into full bloom of "Johnny" Brosnahan, who had been hindered all season by injuries.

Early in the opening period, after "Tommy" Sullivan had returned an English punt to his own "32", Brosnahan unleashed the first of many successful end sweeps and was finally hauled down on the midfield stripe. A temporarily inspired Double Blue eleven forced a punt, and "Basil" Slattery obliged by booting to their "5". The English return kick was run back to their "38". Again, with bone-crushing blocking, Brosnahan, on two plays put the ball on the "20", "Al" Kelley went five more yards; but again English held for downs. On the next play, the English ball-carrier was almost cut in two, and he fumbled; "Nick" Tarushka nabbed the pigskin, and again Latin was on the march. A line buck produced nothing, so Sullivan heaved "Dick" McDermott a pass for Latin's first touchdown. Kelley dropped back to place-kick the extra point; instead, he rifled a pass into "Dick" Dunn's waiting arms.

Coaches Fitzgerald and Ohrenberger sent in their second teams for the first

play of the second frame. While running back a punt, the English safety man fumbled the ball into the paws of "Fumble Recoverer, First Class" Tarushka. Two running plays fell just short of a first down, but on a reverse, a Sullivan-to-McDermott special advanced the scrimmage twenty-five yards closer to pay dirt. Brosnahan made a first on the "6," and McDermott recovered a Latin fumble on the one-yard line, whence Sullivan plunged over. A pass for the extra point was incomplete, but Latin was out front 13-0. On the ensuing kick-off, Latin was offside; the ball was put back five yards to the Latin "35," but "Fran" Powers booted the ball out of the gridiron. A passing attack brought English as far as our "32"; but end-sweeps by Monahan and Brosnahan put English under the shadow of its goal posts as the half ended.

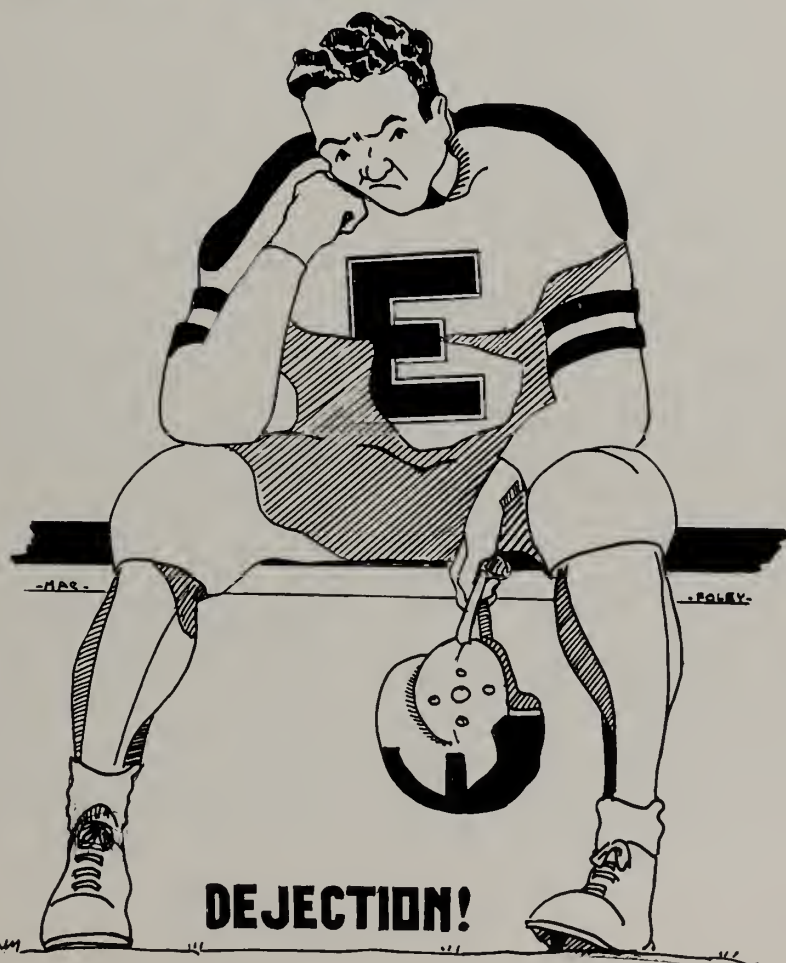
The third period produced a valiant bid by English to score. Dunn ran the kick-off to the Blue and Blue "49". A kick exchange gave Latin the ball on its

own "23". Sullivan quick-kicked to mid-field, where English started a sustained march. Running plays gave them a first down on the "35," they passed for another first on the "24"; two more heaves failed, but a third was hauled down on the "14" for still another first down. Two line plunges put the ball on the six-yard line, but the Latin eleven decided this had gone far enough and held for downs. Brosnahan picked up four yards before Sullivan kicked out of danger. Dunn then threw a potential passer for an eight-yard loss, but he was hurt; they kicked out of bounds on the Latin "27." Brosnahan and Kelley carried for a first down on the Latin "38" as the final chapter opened; Brosnahan made a first on the "48"; and the Latin co-captains, Kelley and Sullivan, paired up for another on the English "39." A Latin aerial was intercepted on the Blue and Blue "33," and they booted to the Purple and White "33." Kelley and Sullivan carried for a first down; Brosnahan and Kelley accounted for two more, and Brosnahan





ELATION!



DEJECTION!

alone plunger for still another on the English "15." However, English recovered a Latin fumble on the former's "7"; but "Albie" Gould intercepted a desperate pass on the English "23." "Eddie" Lee fell back into kick formation, when he got the ball, he darted for the center of the line; but on his way, he handed it to Sullivan, who in turn gave it to McDermott, who was about thirty yards away in the end zone. A place-kick failed, but our lead was now 19-0. The Purple and White "third stringers" were sent in, but English could get nowhere in the three plays the time clock allowed.

This game was an ideal ending for a season marred only by Brookline and Kadzis.

The Latin lettermen for 1941: L.E., McDermott, Burns; L.T., Tarushka, Gill, Histon; L.G., Powers, Monroe, Flynn; C., Slattery, Gould, Peters, McEttrick; R.G., Noonan, Vezina, Stapleton; R.T., P. F. Murphy, Murdock, Murmes; R.E., Dunn, Connolly, Maguire; Q.B., A. Kelley, Gallagher; L.H.B., Brosnahan, Johnson; R.H.B., Sullivan, P. A. Murphy; F.B., Monahan, Lee, P. Kelley, Daly, Coshnear, Mgr., O'Brien.

DROPS from the SHOWERS

Beginning with the Mechanics game "Basil" Slattery dropped back from his pivot position to do the punting, with halfback "Marty" Monahan doing the centering on this play. The tackling was hard against Mechanics with Dunn, McDermott, and Monahan, as well as several others delivering many a bone-crushing wallop. "Bull" Dempsey, '39, a substitute halfback at B. C., dropped into the locker-room after the Artisan game and congratulated "Charlie Fitz" and the boys on their wonderful showing. In the Trade game, 'Pete' Kadzis left the impression that he was a maddened wild horse charging and galloping through a

china shop. "Dick" McDermott and "Marty" Greeley had to leave the game after colliding with Kadzis, and "Vic" Tarushka was sent to the hospital with a slight concussion. Three ex-Latin School men opposed us at the kick-off in the English game: "Bob" Murphy, brother of our own Paul, "Milt" Rattet, and "Art" Carven. Our line from end to end was considered to be the lightest in the city. It averaged 165 lbs., while English's forward wall averaged approximately 195 pounds. The margin of victory of 19 to 0 in the English game was the largest since 1919 when the Latin romped to a 28-to-0 victory over their ancient rivals. "Vic" Tarushka was never in our line, but always in the enemy's backfield, ready to fall on a loose ball, as he did twice in the English game. "Fran" Powers and "Eddie" Lee proved their worth as team-men. "Fran", who just in the last two weeks of practice, was converted from a back to a guard, played a whale of a game; while "Eddie" played no less than four positions in the English game. "Little Bo" Peters proved his worth as a basketball player when he leaped high into the air to knock down a last-ditch English pass. Haven, Casey, Ward, Beyer, Redgate, Rowen, and many other former Latin school grads came in to congratulate the boys after the game. Coach Fitzgerald was very much pleased with his boys' performance and especially lauded the brilliant play of "Johnny" Brosnahan.

* * *

We wish at this time to compliment and congratulate those members of the 1941 Latin School football squad who warmed the bench for the greater part of the season. Their names and pictures are never seen in the sport pages of the newspapers. They never receive any of the glory which they earned during the last three months. To these boys, and especially to those of the graduating

class, we offer not so much our sympathy, but our felicitations and thanks for their tireless efforts in producing a championship football team. We also

wish to thank the cheer-leaders Stamatos and Trinantafel for their wonderful guidance of the cheering sections throughout the year.



DO YOU KNOW THAT

... The recent Latin-English clash was the 54th game of the oldest high-school series in the country. Although there are no records of the games before 1888, it is known that the "friendly enemies" battled before that. Since 1888, Latin has emerged victorious 21 times; English, 22 times. There have been 11 deadlocks. In 54 games, Latin has amassed 384 points, but English leads by 18 points, with 402. It's up to next year's team to even up the score.
 ... Boston Latin was founded in 1635; English High, in 1821; Mechanic Arts, in 1893; Commerce, in 1906; Boston Trade, in 1911.
 ... The bust of Colonel Penney in the Drill Hall was presented to the school, in his honor, by the 26th Division, Massachusetts National Guard, in April, 1935, on the occasion of the Colonel's retirement from that organization.
 ... Military training was part of the curriculum as early as 1645, when the court ordered that all pupils between ten and sixteen years of age should be instructed "in ye exercise of armes, as small guns, halfe pikes, bowes & arrows, ec." Military Drill, as we know it today, was introduced in 1864, and the annual exhibition was first held on historic Boston Common.
 ... Latin School has given Harvard College a great many students, some of its most distinguished professors, and four presidents — John Leverett, Samuel

Langdon, Edward Everett, and Charles William Eliot.
 ... The common complaints of teachers against pupils, 300 years ago, were tardiness, unpreparedness, playing "hookey", fooling in class, whispering, firing a pistol, cheating, laziness, shooting with pop-guns, gambling, and even the use of bad language. Tsk! Tsk!
 ... The Tercentenary Pageant, which was presented in 1935, was one of Latin School's great successes. The opus was penned by Messrs. Callanan, Cleary, Collins, Dunn, Mahan, Maunell, and Russo. Mr. Marnell edited the text and prepared it for production. The staging and production was in the hands of Mr. Russo. There were 97 characters portrayed by pupils ranging in size from diminutive Class VI-ers to Seniors, who wore long beards. Seven performances were given before more than 7000 people.
 ... In 1870, Headmaster Francis Gardner introduced a "general broad culture" course. This general culture plan included the study of Latin, Greek, French, German, American and English literature, ancient, medieval, and modern history, mathematics, geography, geology, zoology, botany, physics, astronomy, chemistry, mechanics, physical philosophy, drawing, penmanship, music, and gymnastics. Proving itself "absurdly ambitious," the course was modified in 1871 and abolished in 1876.

NUMBERS, NUMBERS, NUMBERS

Along about this page in almost every issue of the REGISTER you come across a column of so-called surprising facts, having to do with how many this's and that's there are in the school. With this brief introduction we present the "numbers" column to end all "numbers" columns:

- 1—Latin School
- 2—misdemeanor marks
- 3—centuries old
- 4—German teachers at B. L. S.
- 5—Alumni signed the Declaration of Independence
- 6—year course
- 7—if you're not lucky
- 8—French teachers in the school
- 9—Governors graduated from B.L.S.
- 10—cents carfare
- 11—years old when we enter
- 12—is a dozen
- 13—Latin teachers in B. L. S. (coincidence, or are they unlucky for you, too?)
- 14—days in two weeks

- 15—men on a dead man's chest
- 16—Sweet, and never been kissed
- 17—years old when we graduate if we are lucky
- 18—student clubs at school
- 19—back again as a p.g.
- 20—ineligible for football
- 21—hurray!
- 23—skiddoo!
- 40—average monthly grade
- 48—signals over!
- 75—teachers at B. L. S. (that finishes that)
- 100—per cent (who ever got it?)
- 900—bottles of milk sold a day
- 1000—go to the school play every year
- 1500—REGISTER subscribers
- 6800—Books in the library
- 7892.65—answer to Problem No. 3 in today's math quiz
- 1,000,000—too many zeros—makes me homesick, so, so long until next month. Anybody wanna buy a carcheck!



— SENSITIVE —

The hungry customer breezed into a restaurant and seated himself at a corner table. A waiter appeared:

"A plate of chicken soup," ordered the customer, "And a wad of cotton, on the side."

"Cotton?" echoed the waiter. "Cotton with chicken soup?"

The customers smiled agreeably.—"To stuff in my ears. I make an awful racket when I eat soup."

Pupil: "My little sister ate some chicken yesterday."

Teacher: "Croquette?"

Pupil: "No, but she's very sick."

Williams Purple Cow.

* * *

Man (sitting in street car): Excuse me, madam; but you're standing on my feet.

Lady (strap-hanging): I know it, young man; and if you were a gentleman, you'd be standing on them yourself.

ORGANIZATIONS

The Boston Public Schools Symphony Band is an organization comprised of musicians representing schools of the entire city. Unlike an ordinary marching band, this group plays special arrangements of symphonic and classical works. Rehearsals, long and often, are held at the Latin School under the competent direction of Mr. Fortunato Sordillo. Annually, the culmination of the efforts of the band is reached at a final concert. It is to be given this year at Jordan Hall on May 8.

* * *

Some three score disciples of Euclid and Archimedes gathered informally in Room 114 on November 25, where they heard a brace of lectures on their pet avocation, mathematics. Ralph Berman enlightened the members on the "Idea of continuity in Geometry." This "idea" involves the derivation of a wide variety of geometric theorems by appliance of a few simple basic ideas. The second speaker was Irving Frank, who elaborated on "Astronomical Calculation." Knowledge of this subject is of value to the engineer, but your reporter admits that he was completely baffled.

* * *

With the intra-club chess tournament of the Chess and Checker Club almost concluded, President Maurice Young announces that these boys will represent Latin School in matches with other schools: Binder, Boruchoff, Carlin, Corman, Haddon, Kimel, Protopapas, Silverman, Wagman, and Young. This year each member-school of the Greater Boston Schoolboy Chess League is forming two teams—for A and B divisions respectively—thus affording the less skilled an opportunity to participate in tournaments. Mr. McGuffin has scheduled contests with Brookline High, Memorial, Cambridge Latin, and the Hunt-

ington School. The Club meets every Thursday in Room 326.

* * *

Though the Poetry Club is still in its infancy, its Program Committee has already issued an ambitious schedule for the present year. At the meeting of November 26, Richard Kobrin delivered a talk on Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the strange circumstances surrounding the composing of his masterpiece "Kubla Khan". Kobrin became so fascinated by his own talk that he burst into song while endeavoring to convince the members of the musical meter of the poem. Also, by way of the unusual, the boys sat in on a discussion on laudanum and its evil effects on a genius like Coleridge.

* * *

At the last meeting of the Literary Club, Irving Frank delivered an interesting and comprehensive dissertation on the life and works of Christopher Marlowe. He gave special attention to "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" and discussed the influence of Marlowe on the writings of William Shakespeare. Alexander Courtney helped the members appreciate the genius of Marlowe by giving the final soliloquy of Doctor Faustus.

* * *

The members of the Music Appreciation Club petitioned President Daniel Yankelwitz for more recordings this year, and he retaliated by giving them a complete library of symphonic music. A partial list of phonograph presentations follows: Tchaikowsky's *Sixth Symphony*, *Pathétique*; Grieg's *Piano Concerto in A-Minor*; Brahms' *First Symphony*; *The Scheherazade Suite*, by Rimsky-Korsakou; and *L'Oiseau de Feu*, by Igor Stravinsky. With this organization meeting every week, its members will doubtless have the satisfaction of having heard much of the greatest music of the world.



(Continued): my fife!"

* * *

From "Northeastern University News":

Class III Boy—"I just knocked my Math exam cold."

Class II Boy—"Really?"

Class III Boy—"Yeah, below zero."

* * *

Definitions by a land-lubber:

Bow—That portion of a dog's bark immediately preceding "Wow".

Capstan—Same as hatstand, only for caps.

Clews—Something found by Sherlock Holmes.

Dock—A web-footed water-fowl.

Ketch—A game played with a ball.

Tack—A young nail.

Yawl—A contraction of "you all" used only by Yankees.

* * *

From "The Sphinx—Centralia Township H. S. Centalia, Ill.

Thirty days hath September,

April, June, and November;

All the rest have thirty-one

Unless we hear from Washington.

* * *

A high school boy has two things to worry about: either he graduates, or he doesn't graduate.

If he doesn't graduate, he has nothing to worry about: either he is drafted or he is not drafted.

If he is not drafted, he has nothing to worry about. If he is drafted, he has two things to worry about; either he goes to war or he does not go to war.

If he doesn't go to war, he has nothing

to worry about. If he does go to war he has two things to worry about: either he is wounded or he isn't wounded.

If he is wounded he has two things to worry about: either he will recover or he will not recover.

If he recovers, he has nothing to worry about.

If he doesn't recover, he can't worry.

SO WHY WORRY?

* * *

Mary: I don't see how football players get clean.

Jane: What do you suppose the scrub team is for?

From "The Antigonian"—Antigo Senior H. S., Antigo, Wisconsin

We hereby dedicate this sad lament to the Chemistry Department:

Sing a song of sulphide,

A beaker full of lime,

Four and twenty test tubes,

Breaking all the time.

When the hood is opened,

The fumes begin to reek,

Isn't this a fine mess,

To have five times a week!

* * *

From the "Record"—English H. S.

Master: I hope I didn't see you looking at Fred's book, Tommy.

Tom: I hope you didn't too, sir.

* * *

From the "Jolly Rogers"—Wm. Barton Rogers School

What did the dishwasher say to the soap-powder?

Good-bye, Mr. Chips.

From "*The Bostonian*"—*Roxbury Memorial H. S.*

"Are you John A. Van Dory?" asked the young man at the coat-rack.

"No," was the surprised reply.

"Well, I am," came the frosty rejoinder; "and that is my coat you are putting on."

* * *

From "*Live Wire*"—*Antigo Junior H. S., Antigo, Wisconsin*

A—Why is that young man over there always talking to himself?

B—For two reasons, brainless: first, he likes to talk to an intelligent man; and

secondly, he likes to hear an intelligent man talking to him.

* * *

In addition to the publications above mentioned, we gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following:

"The North Star"—*Wichita H. S. North, Wichita, Kansas.*

"The Classical Review"—*Classical H. S., Providence, R. I.*

"The Brown and Gold"—*Haverhill H. S., Haverhill, Mass.*

"The Imp"—*Brighton H. S., Brighton, Mass.*

"The Red and Black"—*Dorchester High School for Boys, Dorchester, Mass.*



ALUMNI NOTES

Members of classes running back to 1879 attended the annual fall reunion of the Boston Latin School Association and the traditional football rally on the eve of the English-Latin game. The main ballroom of the Hotel Statler was thronged with over 800 alumni who came to attend the gala affair. Daniel J. Lyne, '06, president of the Boston Bar Association, was master of ceremonies. Sketches of former headmasters of the school were presented by Dr. Eli C. Romberg, '09. Head Master Powers, '96, and Coach Fitzgerald, '14, praised former B. L. S. elevens and recalled to memory gridiron heroes. Among the ex-Latin School stars was said a few words were Mal Logan, '11, Tom Craven, '13, Ernie Soucy, '12,

and Tom Bilodeau, '32. Others among the great throng were John E. Gilman, '90, clerk of the U. S. District Court; John F. Fitzgerald, '84, ex-mayor of Boston; Edward Hickey, '06, OPM director of this region; Judge Leo Leary, '01; and Sheriff Frederick Sullivan, '23. Samuel Silverman, '11, former Corporation Counsel, was aided by Lee J. Dunn, '24, Association Secretary, on the Reunion Committee. Dr. Marnell tells us that Gerard D. Reilly, '23, one of his former classmates, has recently been appointed to the National Labor Relations Board. . . . By the way, did you know that Messrs. Gordon, Hopkinson, and Marnell all graduated from B. L. S. in the same year, 1923?

. . . Mr. Levine, '07, reports that many of his former classmates at B. L. S. have made good in various walks of life: Howard Lindsay, one of his classmates, is still acting in "Life with Father", and produced "Arsenic and Old Lace". Arthur Sweetser was connected for many years with the League of Nations Staff at Geneva, Switzerland, and is now Lecturer at the School of International Affairs at Princeton University. William G. O'Hare is Commissioner of Public Welfare for the City of Boston. . . .

. . . Sumner Rodman, '31, is now director of the Boston Association of Commerce. . . .

. . . One of the most interesting facts to come to us in a long time is that both the Headmaster of Brookline High School and the Superintendent of Brookline Schools are Latin School graduates. . . . From the many communications we have received we have learned the following: "Dan" Dacey, '37, star on many former B. L. S. and Dartmouth elevens, has recently been inducted into the army at Camp Croft, South Carolina; Harold M. Drako, '40, has recently been enrolled in the Naval ROTC at Tufts College; and "Bunny" Rowen, '41, has just been awarded his letter for Freshman football at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Gerard Colleran, '39, three-time Modern Prize winner and former Assistant Advertising Manager of the *Regis-*

ter, is top all-around man in the graduating class at Annapolis this year. Harry Clark and George Schichte, both '39, are close behind. At the Tributary Players' production of "King John," we saw Frank Sidlauskas, '40, in his usual role of property man and Frank Grenier, '39, who performed excellently as the Earl of Pembroke. Both Franks were affiliated with the B. L. S. Dramatics Club. . . . Norman Seltzer, '41, was pledged to Sigma Delta fraternity at the University of Vermont. . . . Daniel M. Owens, '25, is now Legislative Agent for the City of Boston. . . . George Mitchell, '24, is a Representative in the Massachusetts General Court. . . . Sidney Aisner, '25, was Attorney-General Bushnell's assistant in the prosecution of the case of Ex-Councillor Daniel Coakley. . . . Roy E. Larsen, '17, a member of the Board of Overseers at Harvard is the publisher of *Life*. . . . Leo P. O'Keefe, '25, is a member of the Society of Jesus and is at present teaching at Weston College. . . . John Tully, '38, former Class President, is now a member of the Harvard Senior Debating Society. . . . Stanley Backer, '37, a graduate of M. I. T., is now serving as a Second Lieutenant in the Chemical Warfare Division of the U. S. Army. . . . John I. Fitzgerald, '36, is at present serving as a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Tank Division.



A sailor, after placing a wreath of flowers on a grave in a cemetery, noticed an old Chinaman placing a bowl of rice on a nearby grave, and the sailor asked: "What time do you expect your friend to come up and eat the rice?"

The old Chinaman smiled and answered: "The same time your friend comes up and smells flowers."

Thoity, doity, poiple boids were sitting on a coib, choiping and boiping and eating woims. Along came "Goity", the goil with the coils, and her boy friend "Hoily" who woiks in a skoit factory in New Joisey. When they saw the thoity, doity, poiple boids sitting on the coib choiping and boiping and eating woims, they were pertoibed.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Oct. 27: Assembly of Classes I and II. We were urged to listen to the President speak on "Navy Day". . . . We have recently heard innumerable presidential candidates urging us to vote for them. If we give our vote to all to whom we have tentatively promised it we'll have to be quintuplets.

Oct. 28: It's here! The Poetry Appreciation Club held its first meeting. As only English sharks were present, we left for the Math. Club. The talk there being an unknown quantity to us, we again departed, this time for home, to write this discouraging entry.

Oct. 29: The school looked exceptionally bright today. Report cards appeared with their rosy colors.

Oct. 30: Class I heard a discourse by Mr. Dunn on the forthcoming election. It was suggested that the football team, as a whole be elected to the office of secretary-treasurer. They seem to be the only "dunners" able to pull money from most Class I'ers.

Oct. 31: Jupiter Pluvius kept away long enough for M. A. H. S. to get a scalping in the Wigwam. B. L. S.—12; M. A. H. S.—0. Now we're waiting for English. As they say in Brooklynese,

"We'll moider dem bumis."

Nov. 3: Class I was in a fog today. Mr. Dunn gave out nomination papers during lunch-time. It looked like the bread-line; but as soon as the papers were given out, an exodus from the library left it to the ever-present sharks. . . . Earlier in the day, the School heard an unusually stimulating talk by Mr. Burnham, expert artist, on stained glass.

Nov. 4: The best way to lose friends and make enemies is to be available in the corridors while signatures for nominations are being sought. We have signed papers for enough candidates for Class Committee to make two baseball teams.

Nov. 5: *Le Cercle Français a rencontré aujourd'hui*. Every other year the RRR has used "convenu". If we err in using "rencontré," protests may be filed in the basket in 212.

Nov. 6: The Erinys (that's the result of studying Virgil) dealt unkindly with us. After we had reached Braves Field and had waited half an hour to see the Latin-Dorchester game, we learned that it was postponed till tomorrow.

Nov. 7: Our bad luck continued. The football game, which was to be the first of three, was postponed indefinitely. We wonder which school received a "break" by this postponement.

Nov. 10: Classes I and II heard an Armistice Day talk by Colonel Bower of the Judge Advocate's Department, United States Army. We wonder whether the present graduating class will be able to quote Virgil as well as Colonel Bower, forty-four years after graduation. In fact, we wonder whether any one can quote some now. Come on, sharks! Show us up. We shall be standing in the middle of the lunchroom at 12:15 for any one wishing to exercise his brains.

Nov. 11: Z-z z z z . . . Armistice Day.

Nov. 12: Election today. Long faces and jumpy nerves are prevalent throughout Class I.—The Poetry Appreciation Club, the “baby” organization of the school, had elections. Nine members were present: five ran for office; the other four were friends of one candidate or another.

Nov. 13: National Defense has been brought into the school. Defense saving stamps are now being sold. We hope the money is contributed as readily for MacDermott when he begins his collection. . . . We call your attention to our Sports caption: Kadzis—19; B. L. S.—12.

Nov. 19: Mass Meeting: Sullivan and Kelly gave the usual shy talk characteristic of captains of B. L. S. teams. Perhaps that’s why we aren’t on the team. We should probably give away the plays by talking too much.

Nov. 20: Latin—19; English—0. Latin’s running plays were executed so well that English overlooked the collaboration of two insignificant players, Sullivan and MacDermott. Surprised, weren’t they?

Nov. 21: A day spent recuperating from the effects of Mr. Gobbler.

Nov. 24: We were treated to a bargain, two assemblies in one. Movies for the Community Fund were shown, and Mr. Fitzgerald gave out letters to the victorious team. . . . At a meeting of the Literary Staff, Mr. Marson spoke, among other things, about the shortcomings of

the R.R.R. Quoth Mr. Marson: “Two much quantity; too little quality.”

Nov. 25: The school had an unexpected visitor today: A dog roamed about the building, chased by Caploe and Schulz. Some seniors were heard to grumble about the school’s going to the dogs. . . . The Art Club held a meeting. We wonder whether surrealist art has ever been explained. We’d like to be present at the time.

Nov. 26: The library was busy today, what with the meeting of the Ring Committee and the visit of a representative of Bates College. When some Class I’ers heard that Bates is co-educational they decided that perhaps Bates was their college after all. . . . We didn’t know that a good singing voice was essential to reading verse but after we heard Kobrin’s rendition of “Kubla Khan” in the Poetry Appreciation Club, we were convinced.

Nov. 27: Another Thanksgiving Day. It’s just as well we don’t celebrate two Thanksgivings; it would be rather boring to see Latin smear English again. . . . After Mr. Dunn had finished with us today some Class I’ers were ready to give him their bankbooks; but that wouldn’t, in most cases, be enough for the expenses he outlined to us.

Nov. 28: Marks close, and the season for hunting for charitable masters is open. . . . Yours till the next dead-line, R.R.R.

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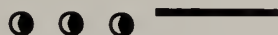
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Greeting E-v-r-i Buddy!

FROM

THE
ERRIBLE
ERRORS

of Room 204

To our Masters Roche, Galline

Hennessey and Levine

And Mr. Taylor too

Merry Xmas to you

— 3 3 5

XMAS GREETING

to

MR. WEINERT

from

WEINERT'S WILD WOLVES

Our marks may go up

And then in a dive

But also the meanors go

Up with the stride, so

Merry Christmas to you

From Room 135

Room 116

We paid for this ad
Composed in the "shop"
To wish Merry Christmas
From we 'uns to "Pop"

Merry Christmas to Mr. Neville

AND KEEP 'EM FLUNKING

from Room 225

Huletide Greetings

FROM

The Boys of 108

Bounteous gifts and lavish feting
May constitute a Christmas greeting,
But 311's lads so sage
Confine their message to this page.

A Merry Christmas to All

Pine trees are green
Maple trees too
But all that we mean
Is Merry Xmas to you

FROM

3 1 8

Greetings
From

GRETCHES
RUESOME
ANG

ROOM 201

Sends You Its Greeting Deluxe
No more to be hounded
By Teachers and Books

Merry Xmas

MR. FINN

From the Stalwarts of

1 3 2

Christmas Cheer and a Happy New Year

to

MR. O'KEEFE

FROM 3 2 3

MAY SANTA CLAUS THIS CHRISTMAS NIGHT
BRING TO DR. MARNELL AN OBJECT BRIGHT
WE ARE WISHING YOU WITH ALL OUR MIGHT

A Merry Christmas

123

Yuletide Greetings
Christmas Cheer
and to you all a
Happy New Year
FROM 103

GREETINGS
to
MR. FALVEY
from
THE BOYS OF 222

MERRY CHRISTMAS
to
Mr. Gilbert Mr. Russo
Mr. O'Donnell Mr. Pike
Mr. ———?
FROM 209

Best Wishes for a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR
From ROOM 208

210's SMART COHORTS ATTENDED "KING JOHN"

TO GET A "100"

THEIR REPORT CARDS UPON

Merry Christmas from 210

IN GREETING YOU THESE DAYS
WE ALWAYS KNOW IT PAYS
TO SAY

Merrie Christmas
FROM
CELL 333

MERRY YULETIDE
and
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
from
ROOM 319

MERRY CHRISTMAS
to
MR. MURPHY
from the
BOYS OF 215

Joyeux Noël
et
Bonne et Heureuse Année
des élèves
de la salle 106

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL
from
ROOM 322

*From three hundred one
And its master
For a Merry Christmas
And many hereafter
301*

Greetings to Mr. Dolan
FROM 224

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